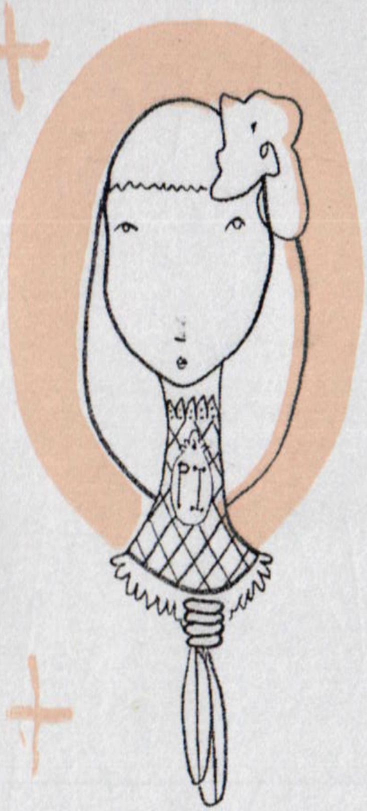
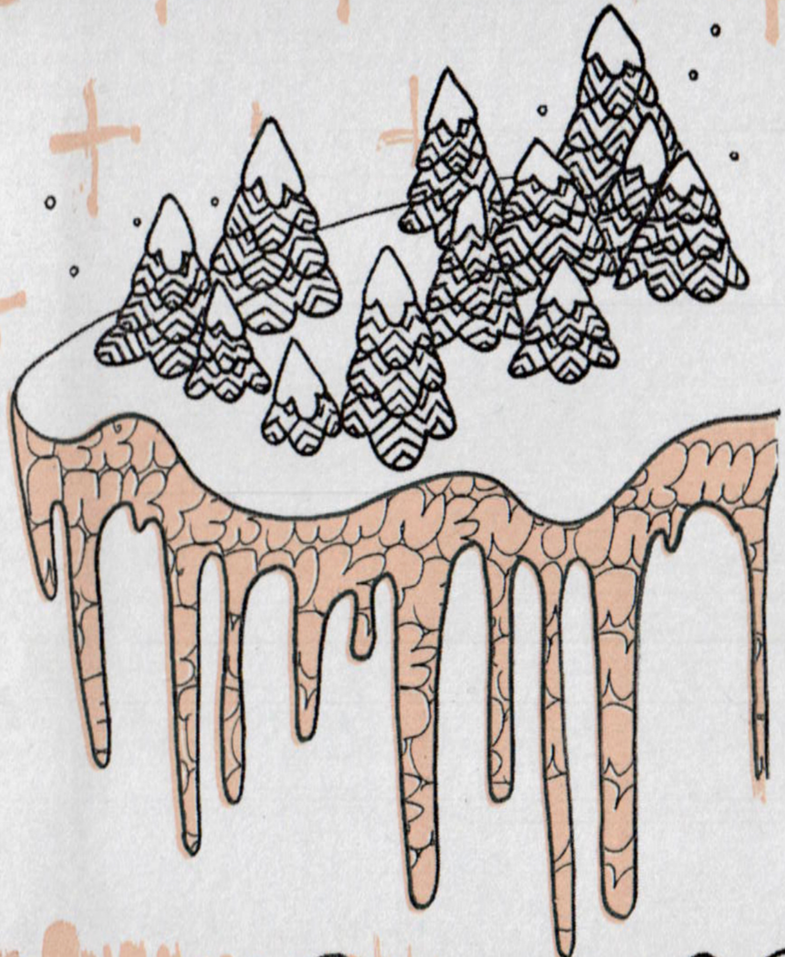


ELEVEN



PERMANENT PINK PERMANE

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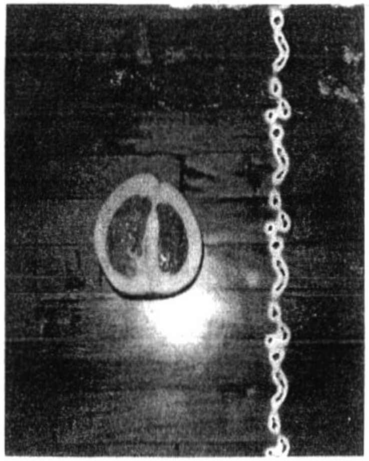
SECOND PRESS

PERMANENT INK #11

summer2008



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older burners
and the centre
pointe of new
crossing paths
and total
destruction
new york

in spots that only a night before were buffed shows that at least some part of our public relates to and appreciates this form of expression. Until there is drastic restrictions of corporate advertising, the plethora of which pollutes thecity more than graffiti ever could, no one can rightly claim that one act is wrong while another is right. Indeed, if either of the two mediums would be considered 'right' then graffiti would have to win the prize since it so purely takes the first amendment of the American Constitution and utilizes its privilege. Graffiti is a right because freedom of speech is a right:; graffiti's only crime is appreciating that precious freedom.

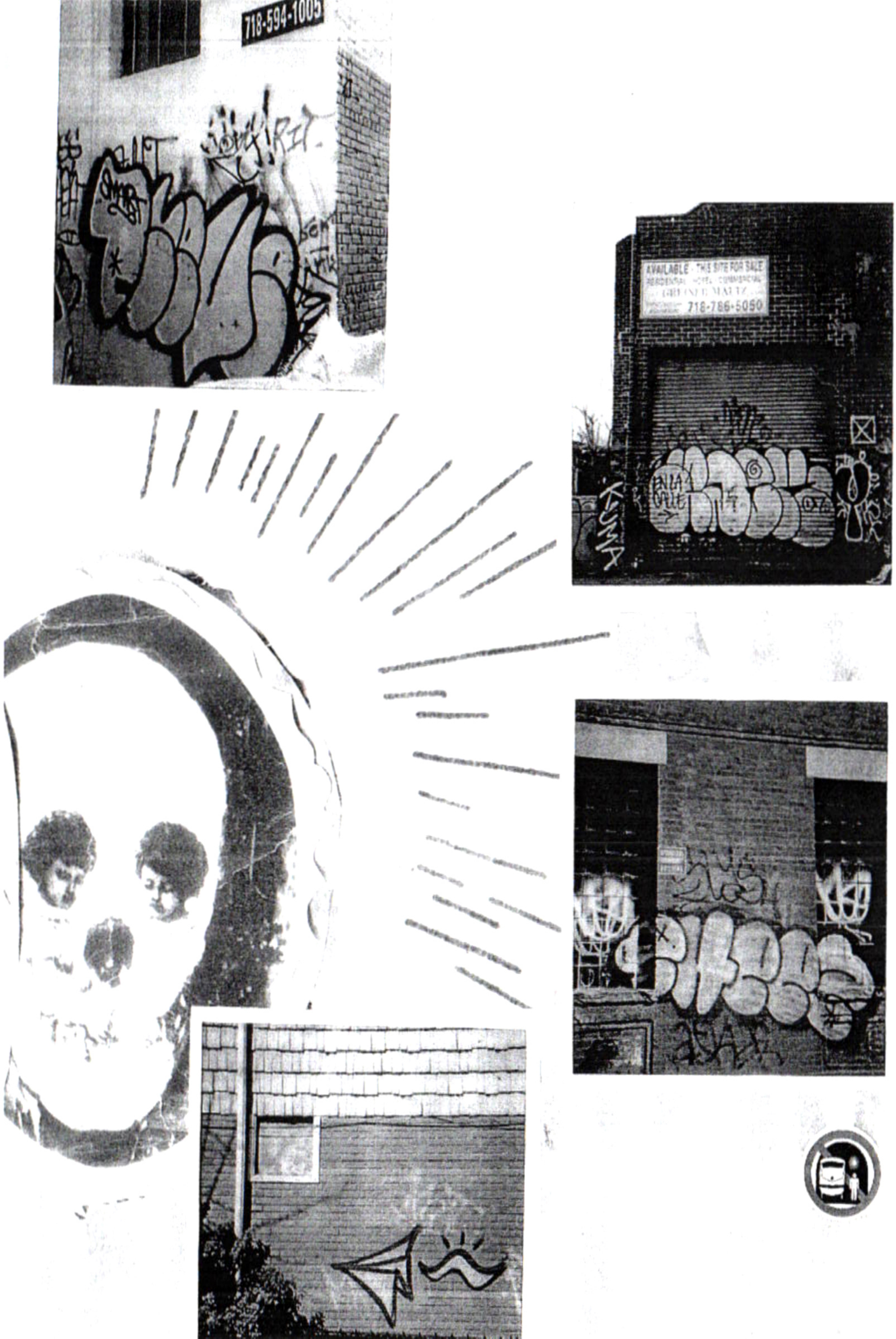
I urge all people, but especially those of our generation, to take another look at what graffiti actually is. Its importance is spoken of simply by the act of its creators. Graffiti artists work under the constant threat of persecution by the law. There was a time in history that my novel, TRAIN TO POKIPSE, would have claimed it as vandalizing the morals of American society. I would have had to undergo censorship trials like the ones William S. Burroughs and James Joyce once did, for their respective novels "Naked Lunch" and "Ulysses". Or I would have been sent to prison or forced into exile like an Oscar Wilde or a Dostoyevsky. Having gained the right to express myself and the troubles of my generation without censorship I am obligated to defend and respect those who are still denied that right. We should rember Bill Burrough's statement about writers. " A surgeon has the right to do his job even though it exposes unpleasant and grotesque facts, and I believe a writer should have that same right". I agree with Mr. Burroughs. Every writer should fully enjoy his first amendment right, even those writers who happen to work in graffiti.

Rami Shamir NYC 2008

GRAFFITI AS A RIGHT

In an age of consolidated media, where the tools of expression are controlled by a system whose only purpose is the selling of product, true and raw cultural expression has been silently outlawed for the goal of transforming a citizenry into a population of consumers. Every corner and every street in New York is littered with various advertisments, some louder than others, but all the same in their vapid superficiality and in their apotheosis of conformity. The act of graffiti is more important today than it has ever been. Graffiti has always actedas a voice of the people , but today with the costs of publishing high and the gallery circuit closed off, graffiti has become one of the best ways to express the voice of the people- that voice America so rarely wants to hear because it speaks of the truth, speaks of America's dark corners and invisible poor, her lost youth and neglected artists. Even in its most cryptic scribbling graffiti cries out, "I TOO EXIST. I ONCE WAS INVISIBLE BUT NOW I'M NOT AND FUCK YOU."

One of the strongest arguments against graffiti is that it vandalizes private property. In a city where this "private property" acts as one large billboard for a manufactured voice such an argument fails flat. It is unjust to allow the edifices of buildings to be vandalized with one message because the messenger is equiped with the means to pay for his message, while illegalizing a similar vandalization by a much larger groupwhich does not have the means to relay its message legally, meaning with vast corporate wealth.Claiming graffiti as a violent act of vandalization assumes that the American public as a whole is threatened by such acts. Such claims forget that our American population is large and varied; the constant reappearance of graffiti



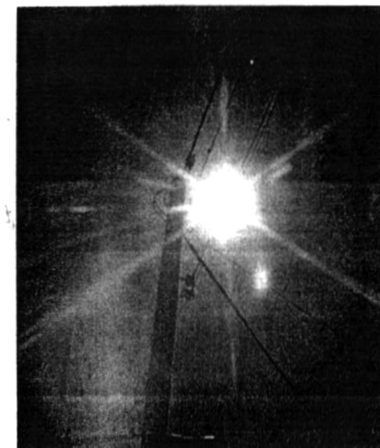
SinKo -de- my Ohb

As if this were a declaration of selfdefendence [ah-hem] independence I declare this chapter adjourned. Abstracted, only by tangent-driven thoughts, yearned momentously, (sc. ~~dura~~tion of ~~moving~~ particles per unit of time) in situ. Scribing in short is challenging to express, nevertheless interpret. To be sharp is to being square, as being blunt is to the point.

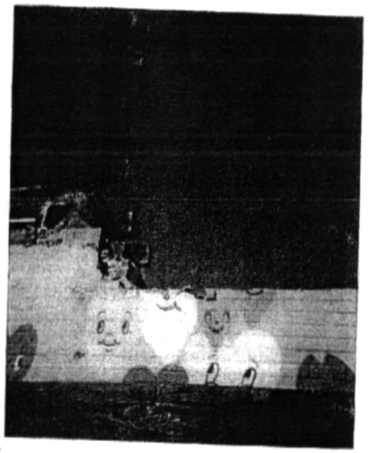
*— Logic fits wherever you put it. I have the (thesaurus: ~~text~~ where are you?) to save my ex((tinction) day) mind to grasp intangible [cosas][transmitted en SAP] I can see through connections relevant to how they came to exist. Metaphorically speaking I see the bricks and then the house, see the streets before the brick, see the forest before the stick. I see the seeds that made them prick the first princess and made her sick. With the ~~disease~~ that ~~spread~~ so thick it made a moment last a minute. tock clock tick-tick before ~~the~~ last chime ~~of~~ goes with it Rep-Repititition.

empty eyes set among
the soft sunstained garmen ts

PAINT



BRANDON'S PARTS & PERFORMANCE



wash my hands clean
of all of t his

"My feeling is that people can't get hold of time because it isn't there at all."

Isaac Newton thought of time as a river flowing at the same rate everywhere. Albert Einstein unified space and time into a single entity, but he still held on to the concept of time as a measure of change. In Barbour's view there is no invisible river of time. Instead, he thinks that change merely creates an illusion of time, with each individual moment existing in its own right, complete and whole. He calls these moments "Nows."

"As we live, we seem to move through a succession of Nows. The question is, what are they?" Barbour asks. His answer: Each Now is an arrangement of everything in the universe. "We have the strong impression that things have definite positions relative to each other. I aim to abstract away everything we cannot see, directly or indirectly, and simply keep this idea of many different things coexisting at once. There are simply the Nows, nothing more and nothing less."

Barbour's Nows can be imagined as pages of a novel ripped from the book's spine and tossed randomly onto the floor. Each page is a separate entity. Arranging the pages in some special order and moving through them step by step makes it seem that a story is unfolding. Even so, no matter how we arrange the sheets, each page is complete and independent. For Barbour, reality is just the physics of these Nows taken together as a whole.

"What really intrigues me is that the totality of all possible Nows has a very special structure," he says. "You can think of it as a landscape or country. Each point in this country is a Now, and I call the country Platonia," in reference to Plato's conception of a deeper reality, "because it is timeless and created by perfect mathematical rules. Platonia is the true arena of the universe."

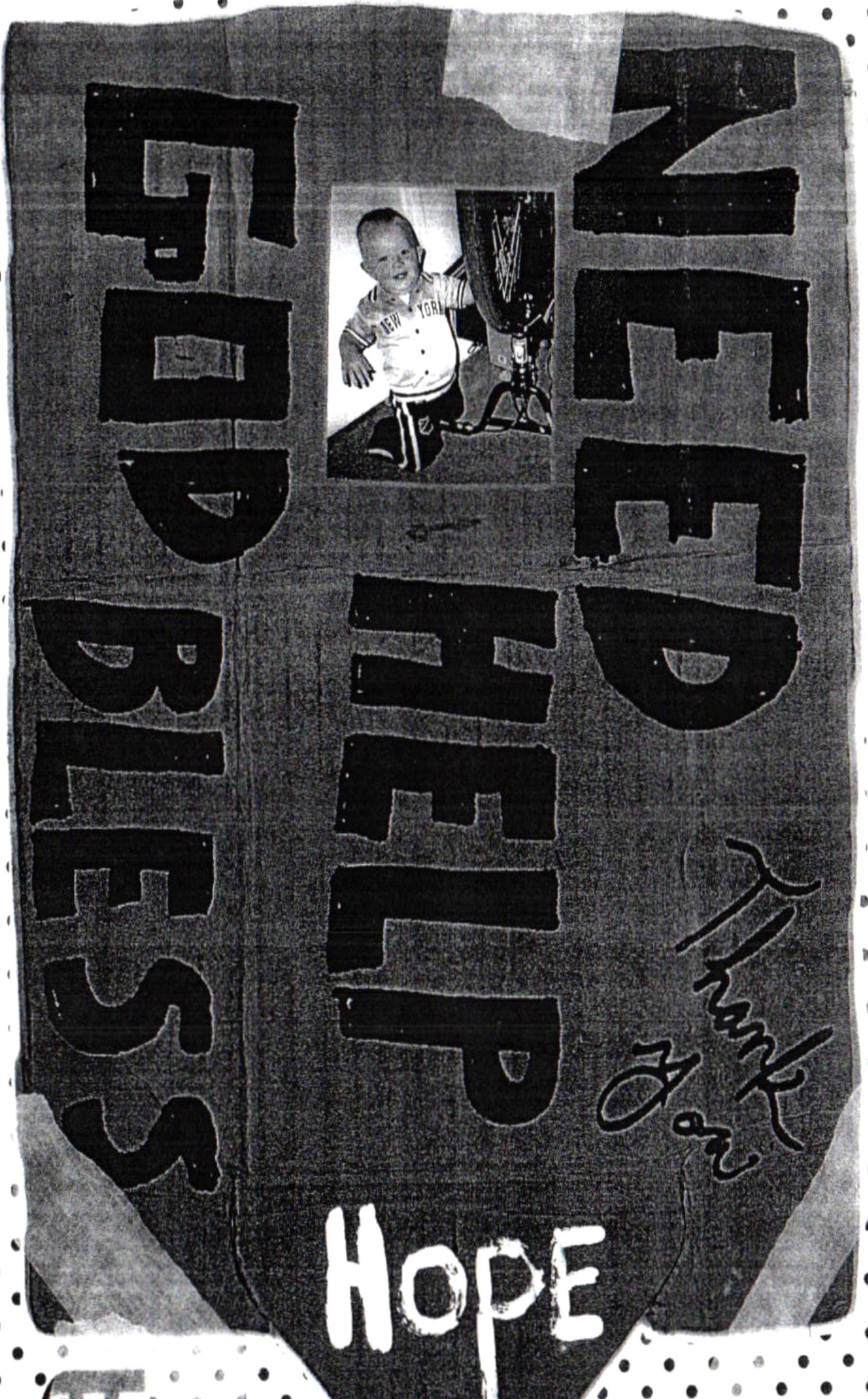
In Platonia all possible configurations of the universe, every possible location of every atom, exist simultaneously. There is no past moment that flows into a future moment; the question of what came before the Big Bang never arises because Barbour's cosmology has no time. The Big Bang is not an event in the distant past; it is just one special place in Platonia.

Our illusion of the past comes because each Now in Platonia contains objects that appear as "records," in Barbour's language. "The only evidence you have of last week is your memory—but memory comes from a stable structure of neurons in your brain now. The only evidence we have of the earth's past are rocks and fossils—but these are just stable structures in the form of an arrangement of minerals we examine in the present. All we have are these records, and we only have them in this Now," Barbour says. In his theory, some Nows are linked to others in Platonia's landscape even though they all exist simultaneously. Those links create the appearance of a sequence from past to future, but there is no actual flow of time from one Now to another.

"Think of the integers," Barbour says. "Every integer exists simultaneously. But some of the integers are linked in structure, like the set of all primes or the numbers you get from the Fibonacci series." Yet the number 3 does not occur in the past of the number 5 any more than the Big Bang exists in the past of the year 2008.

These ideas might sound like the stuff of late-night dorm-room conversations, but Barbour has spent four decades hammering them out in the hard language of mathematical physics. He has blended Platonia with the equations of quantum mechanics to devise a mathematical description of a "changeless" physics. With Irish collaborator Niall Ó Murchadha of the National University of Ireland in Cork, Barbour is continuing to reformulate a time-free version of Einstein's theory.

PREM
Smooth-tasting Premium


NEED HELP
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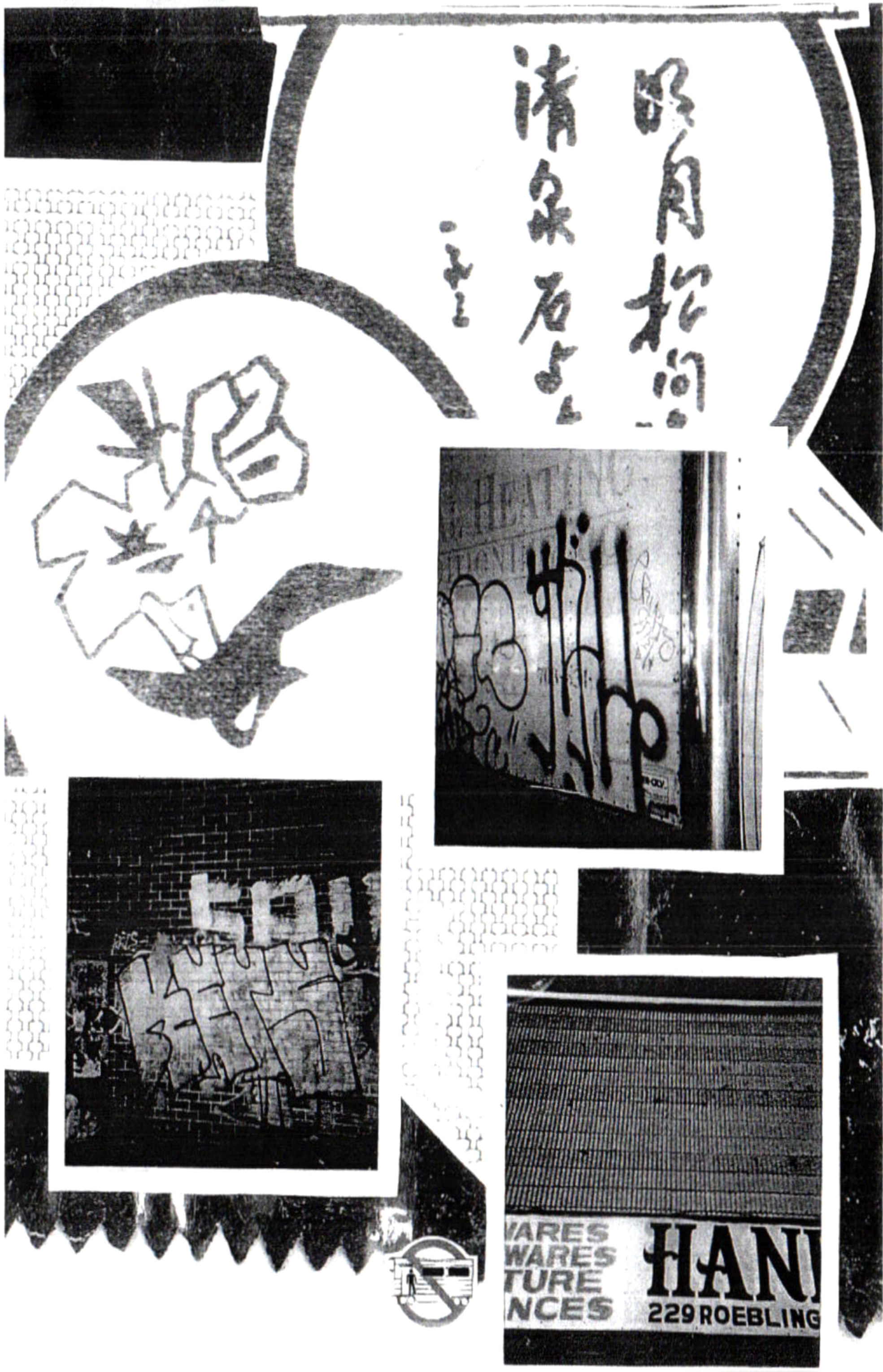
π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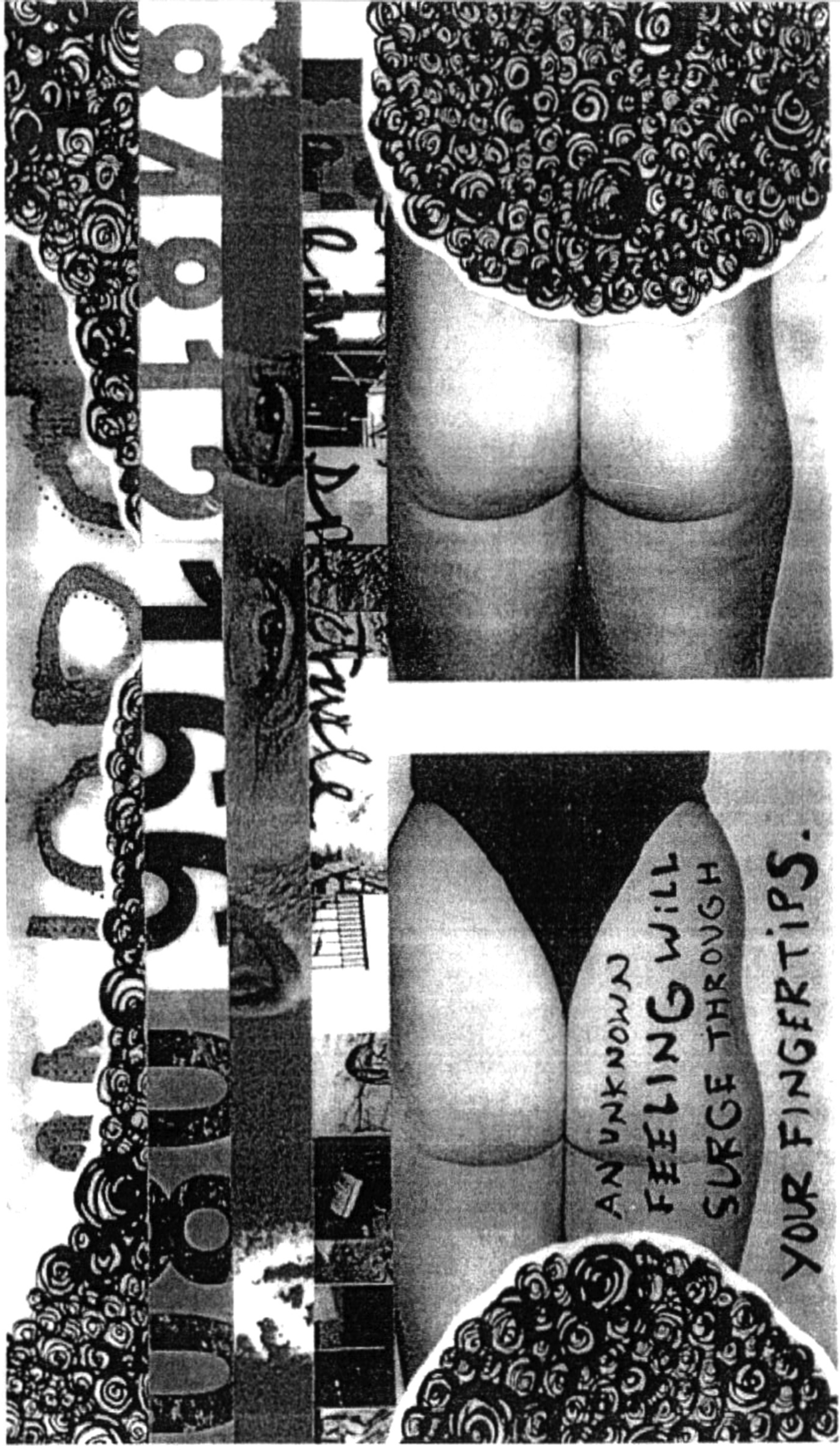
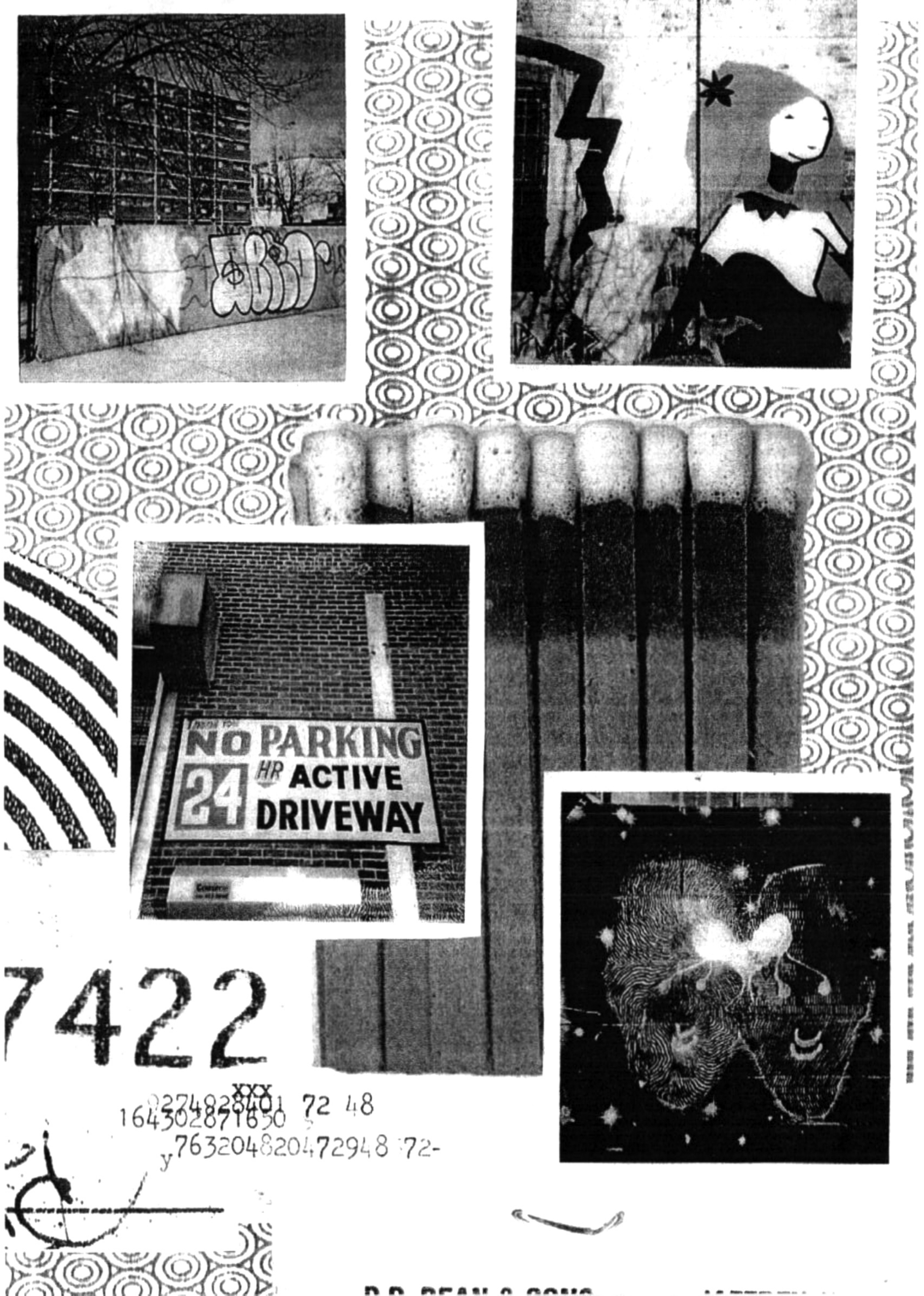

AN UNKNOWN FEELING WILL SURGE THROUGH YOUR FINGERTIPS.

DEAR WANDERING EYES,

I HAVE A PLAN TO KILL MYSELF, AND YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO WITNESS. [redacted] I WILL BE MAKING A PAIR OF CARDBOARD WINGS LINED WITH TEN BOTTLE ROCKETS ON EACH SIDE. I WILL THEN ATTACH THIS TO MY BACK WITH A STURDY STRING ON THE DAY OF MY DEATH. THIS CONSTRUCTION WILL BE USED TO PROPEL ME FROM THE ROCKY CLIFF OVER THE OCEAN.

SOMETHING INSIDE [redacted] HAS TOLD ME THAT I WILL INTERNALLY EXPLODE. BUT YOU WILL NOT WITNESS BLOOD AND GUTS FLYING IN EVERY WHICH DIRECTION. INSTEAD, BRIGHT COLORS AND CONFETTI WILL BURST AND RAIN AND THEY WILL BE PIECES OF ME. YOU WILL LOOK AND YOU WILL SMILE AND YOU WILL LAUGH. THE MOMENT WILL LAST FOREVER AND YOU WILL BE FROZEN IN A FEELING OF ECSTATIC JOY/JOYFUL ECSTASY.

SINCERELY,
JOHNNY DRIGGERS.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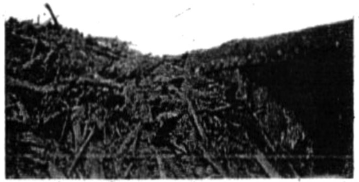
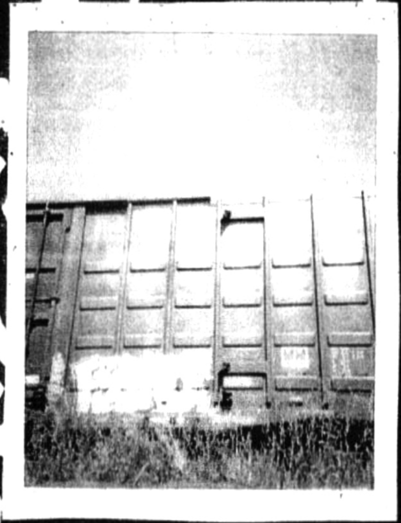


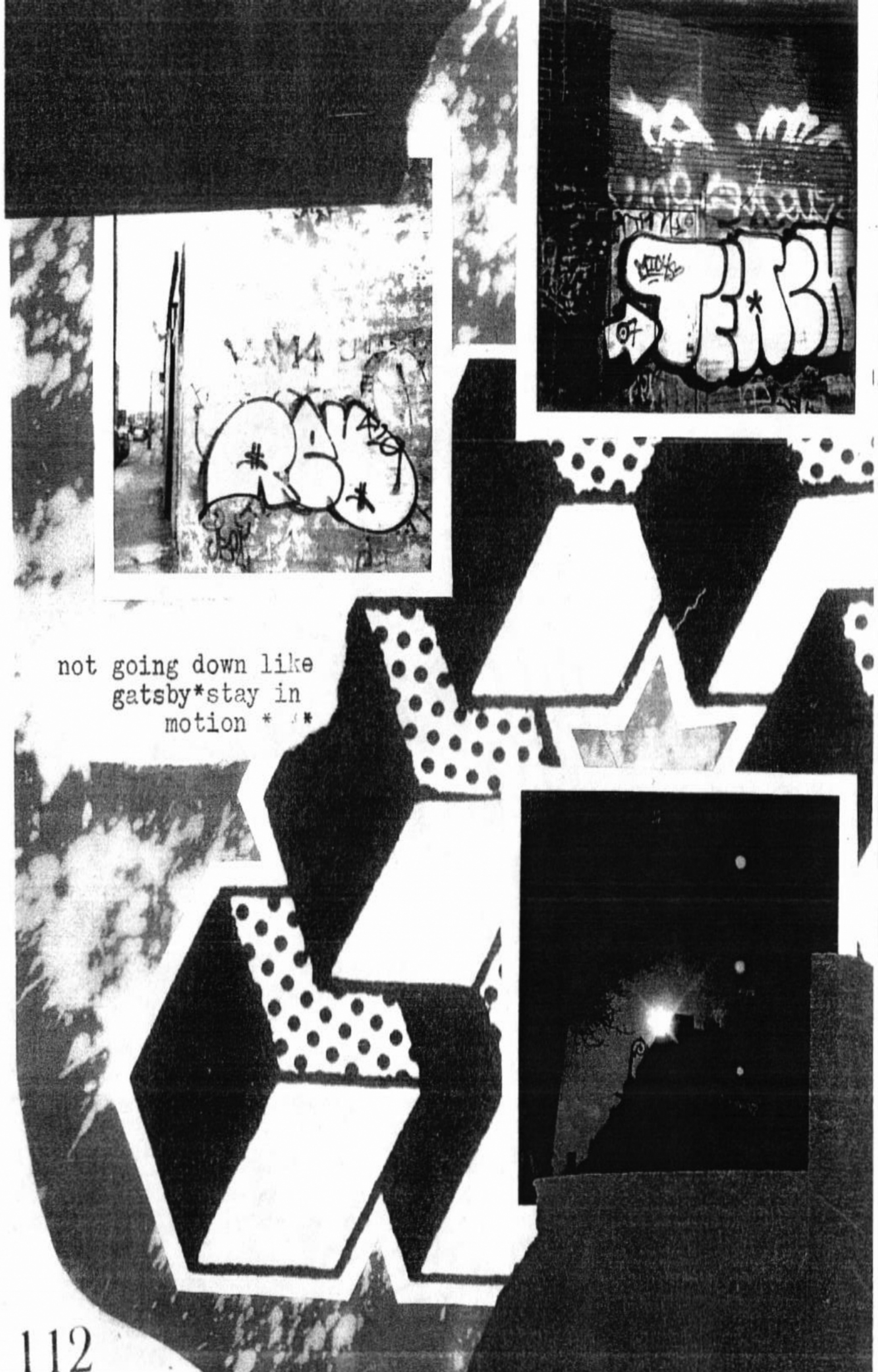
my mind is, '''''''''
miles from broken*home
and my back hurts

those who wander

* * *



open path to the
top of the mountian
open gates enlarged
misconception



not going down like
gatsby*stay in
motion * *

long day of heat and sun on balasŧt
rocks under backs and holes in vines.
a junk train slowly rolls by, big open
gondolafull of mulch. wrap a shirt around
our faces and we are off. out rolling
through the vines low hanging around the
trackside. ***further out of the c ity
the sky turns daerk. the ride slows down
and we retreat to a grainer-hole to
watch a slow rain and sit in a metal contianer
during a lightning storm**amyric lights a joint
later that niht/next mornijg, we come into
a deep, miles long yard with intricate la yers
of old sitting boxcars* and new shiny white
vans.**after sitting for30 or so minutes,
we ditch out, crossing 4 lines, two ditches
right past a shack and through a highway
into ant infested pine tree farm to
itch away our sleepless night. ants ants

hamletnc. yard is miles away from town. noone
was pivking up dirty hitchers, so we walk.
sweet coversation with old ladies at Hardees
about history of train town, when depression
sinks in. take a nap by some work trains catch
some ta gs. go back to the yard and plam our exit.
theyy have somehot hot trains going out
iwith little white trucks following in ytow.
we catch a good break on a bend, get in
snug in our grain crars, and wait till we
get out. ..then b egins, the THE RIDE.

night quickly takes hold. weare in the middle of a
lomg line of mixed cars: boxcars, grainers, doublestaks...
rolled through small towns with baseball field
lights andsmall town intersections bein stuck at the
tracks..ive been there.now we are the shadows i tow.
sfter a short nap, i awoke to amyric not being in si ght
i yelled for himbut no response * i thought that i was
on the death train*the final stop*nonstop ride of
my life. ma ybe i rolled off in my sleep, or maybe
amyric fell. and its just meto blame in the trial *
no, he was ontop of the car, stradling the walk grate
"riding the worm" psychadeliuk drstrangelove flash
the night eventually passed, and we rode smoothly
into a small quiet georgia town * pissing into
the darkness the night before * hurling through space
racin g over riversinto nothing* this was all
stioll deep in our brainsxxstixx sitting on
the porch while we passed theworke4rs, we knew we could
would not be able to make it through atlanta.

so we disboarded* and ate a southern s tyle buffet
with good ol boys in small town atl. caught a
ride after talking with a ufo*sex freak at coffee
shop* boarded a greyhound back after long deliberation

great ride*07

factory direct****
trees in a row/stacked
slowly roll into the yard
that is flanked
by yard bulls* but we saw
them first hand

Summeer 2007 Brooklyn,Columbia, Hamlet, Tucker,
Rabbit,Amyric and i left from Grand Central
It was an RedEye bus * Greyhounds run my dreams
we took the usual route going through the
Baltimore travel PLAZA
*** home sweet
and an exceptional layover in early morning
RICHMOND VA*9¢ sitting on the bricks in
front , discussing the det ails of how to
board a moving freight train 6
with rr and Amyric (afrench adventurer)
young poor blck youthfrom town with items for sale.
''back on the bus for hours more to go*
kudzu vison as the ride wore on to the carolinas

we began to wait around the corner from my
DAD# s house. near an exit from a main
CSX yard . Our friend KLEVER joined us
with some joints rolled by my father **
we waited the warm night out, deep in
vines and dirt* the strange deer ghost called
out in a barking chirping fashion* -
the night was alive without the sound
of a wellmoving notloading train anywhere

the next morning, klever waa gone, and
the original 3 tried to do this spot further
down, but getting some daytime action.
trying,too hard,
we went right into the
loca l yard, slow stop, two white mini
vans, track workers with poles, we retreated
into the air flow holes in the center
ogf the grain carrying cars we wwere riding.
footsteps, slowly, past and up the rocks,
and we make a break out of the yard
out and up the fence to my fathers waiting
ride, lay low, small town,this is big news

next day, different spot*rrabbit goes back
home, having experienced the ride short and
...now its me and frenchie, having bonded
through diversity and determination and long
waits for rideables out of a notoriously
slow town to ride out of. WE wait anotheer day

PM
7 23
R7 33
H 7 47

$ phone statick in my ear
$ aconstant hum in the dark
$ high pitched sonik sickness
$ position yourself on the
highest spot * **¼

SPECIAL
3 RED FOWL

5 00
5 04
5 06
5 10
5 12

5 52
5 54
5 56
5 59

H5 17
5 30
PM

meaningless
friendless massof
recoil shout

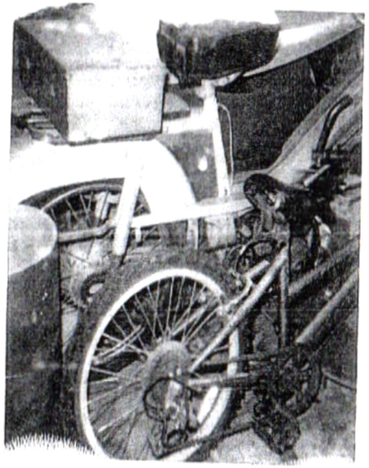
FLAT
BATTERY CHARGE
FIX

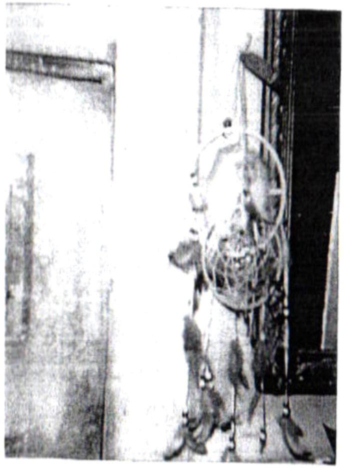
NITED STATES

d address

images from deep SSouthH
burntdown dream images
unlocked * from deep deepness

how lost?





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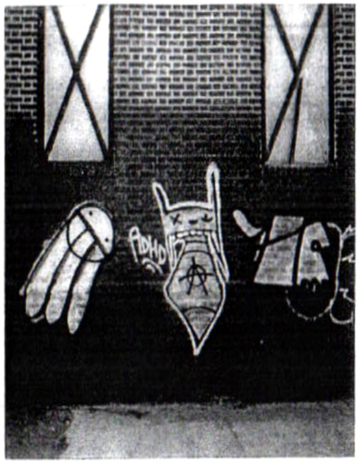


izedSALT®

SALT®

HERF
BREAK

indizedSALT®

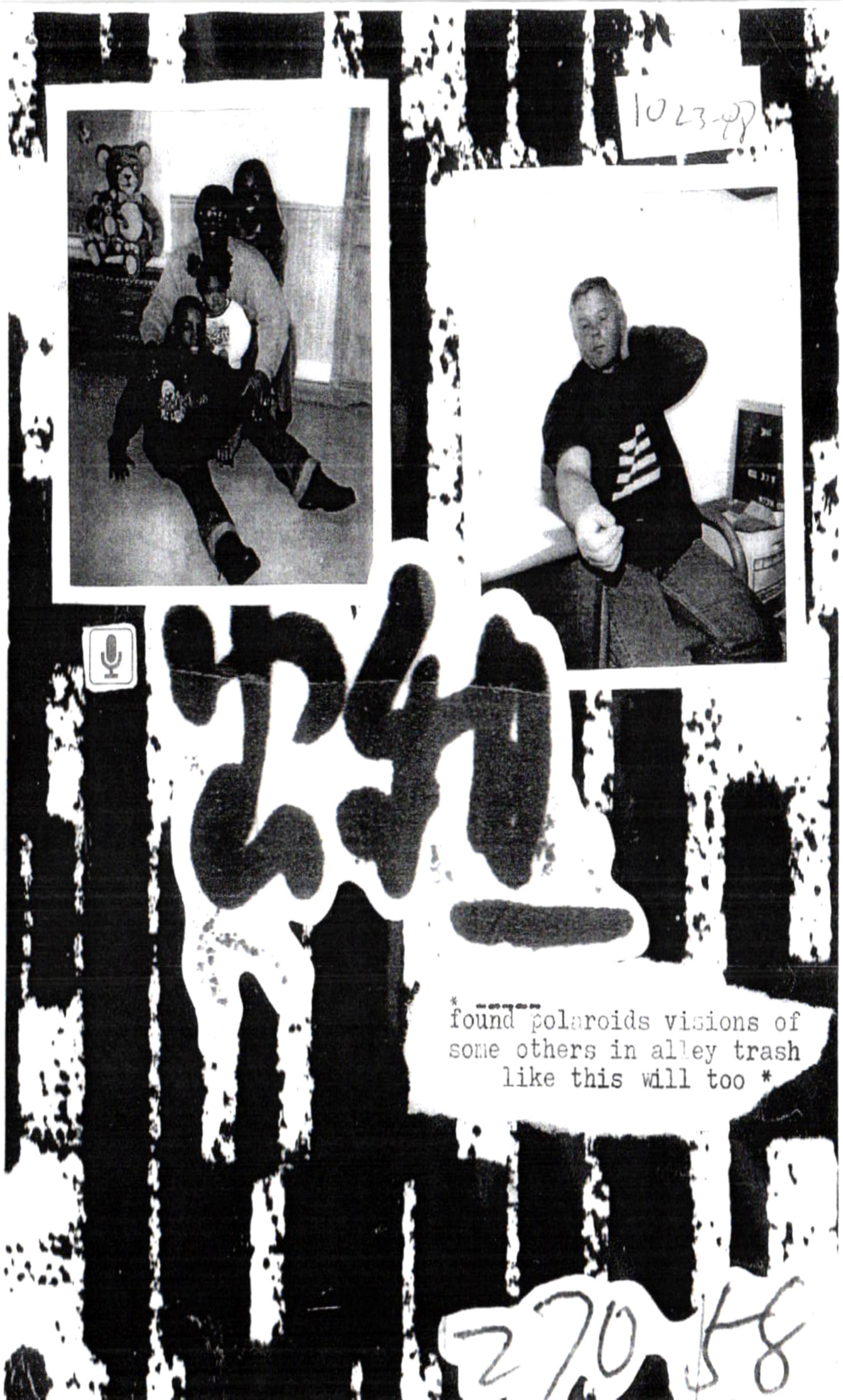
SALT®

cornered spots and
extended lines* break free
rings around the sunspots
in my eyes. still cant see

NEWSPAPERS
SODAS

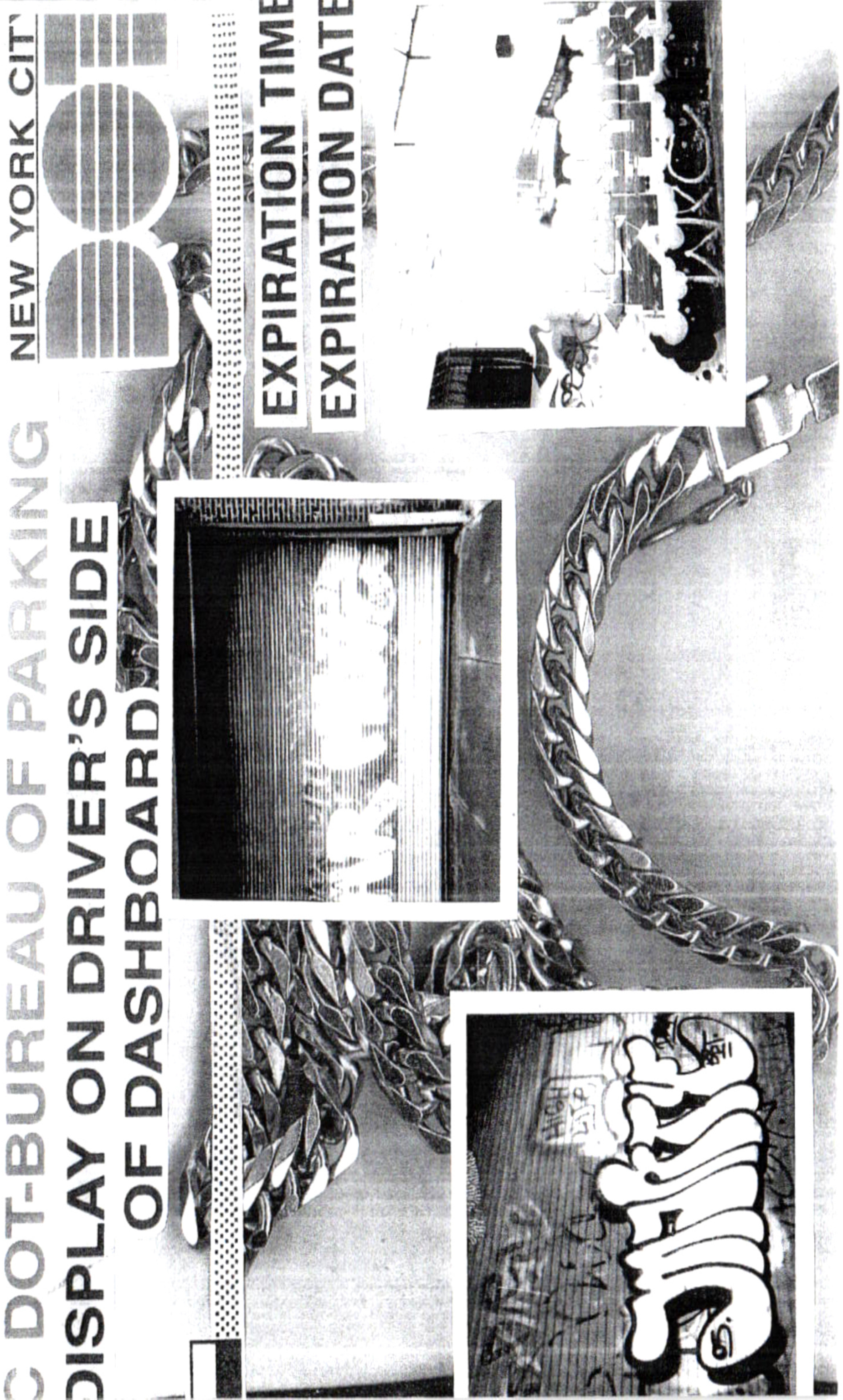
agical Prompt
mechanizagain
explosion moment
nde to illuminat3

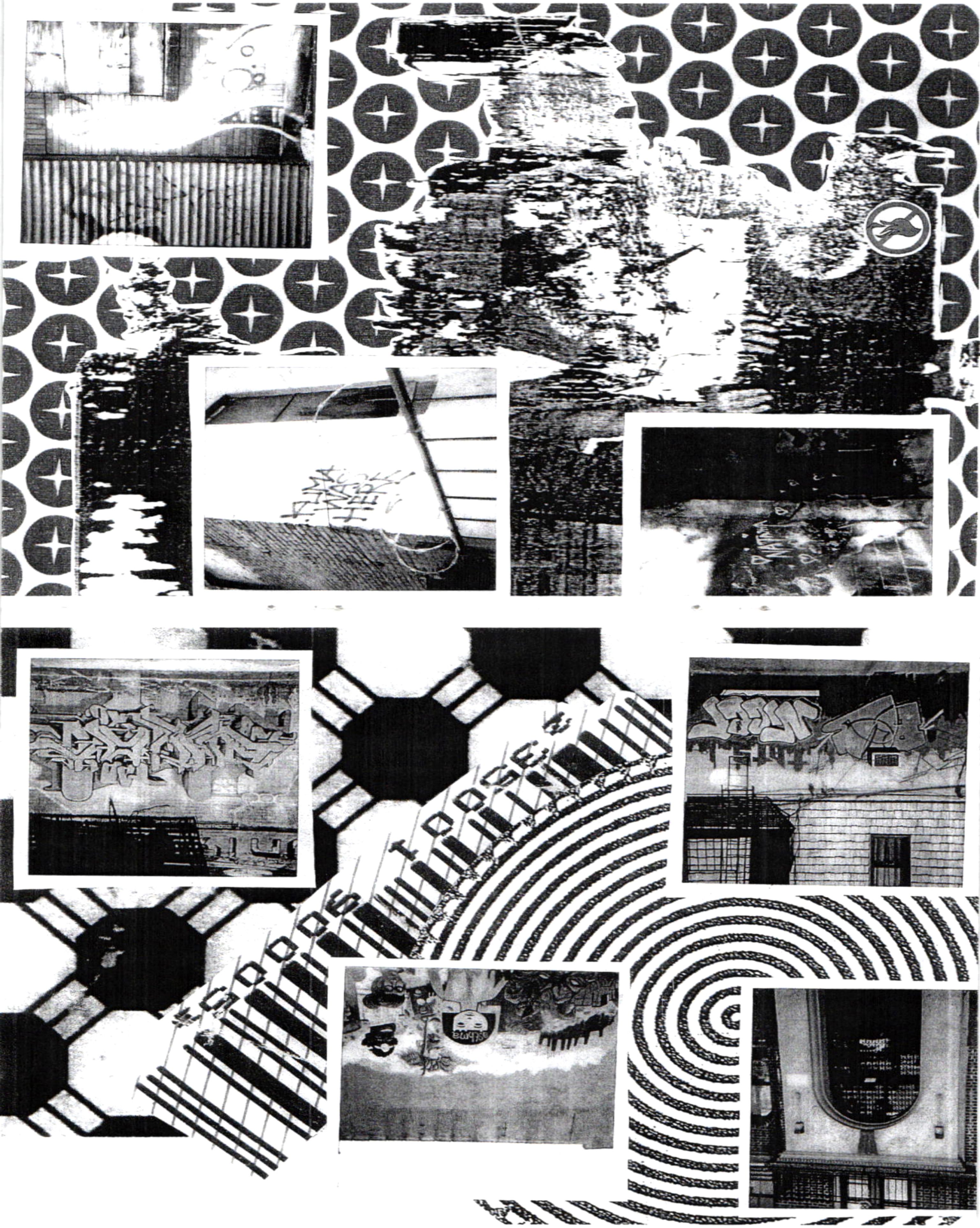
J.Supine & EnglishKills
BK- NY



* found polaroids visions of
some others in alley trash
like this will too *

27058


C DOT-BUREAU OF PARKING
DISPLAY ON DRIVER'S SIDE
OF DASHBOARD
NEW YORK CIT
EXPIRATION TIME
EXPIRATION DATE



KUMA WAS HERE
NATASHA
asthma
#00005 loose!